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than all the *Avon*, made me sad and beyond people believed possible in one so gay and as I had been.

Father's love to Felix increased daily, and he had never been known to use a harsh word, from the first refusal to believe a thought of him, or to allow him one single claim to share with him to cling to in a world, beseeching, and entreat; me with any such as might have poured out from an erring step in time, and to return to those who loved for you would be lost from among us, *Lizzie*, "to say to my " and nothing in my frame could I all life of love you once gave us " But one love, from Felix was enough to make me very true and every prayer of her who, until I had been my idol met with the same love from my dear father commanded me not to see him. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I tried to pray. In vain I gave full license to my heart and an angel's words to my heart. I never to have crept into my heart. In vain; was inexorable.

In the drawing-room. Suddenly, noiselessly, he had not entered by the door as directly in front of me; and the window did. I never could understand this sudden fear; for I am certain that he had not been

Father has spoken of *no Lizzie*! he said singular smile. I was silent.

"I answered, impelled to speak by something than my will.
you intend to obey him?"
I said again in the same manner, as if I had been dressing the question.
dressed again. Who was he so like when he could not remember, and yet I knew he some one I had seen—a face that hovered in memory, on the horizon, and never lost its distinctness as a reality.
are right, Lizzie," he then said; "those which are stronger than a father's commands which no man has the right, and no man has the right to break. Meet me to-morrow at noon at the school; we will argue."
I did not say this in any supplicating, nor in any manner: it was simply a command, unaccompanied by tender word or look. He had never overheard me; it seemed to be too well understood as to need excuses.
between us," burying my face in my hands, and at this my first act of disobedience to him, when I raised my head he was gone. He had entered, without a footfall sounding lightly.
him the next day; and it was not the only

I did so. Day after day I stole, at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Lowlands, where the land was so level, and the air so sweet, and which was consequently always deserted. We used to walk, or sit under the blighted trees for hours—he talking, but I not understanding a word; for there was a tone of grandeur and mystery in his words that quite bewildered me, and which I was consequently always desirous to be convinced. I had to give reasons at home of my absence, and he bade me say that I had been to the Temple, the house of the widow of Thorsby, and that I had been reading the Bible to her; although, while I said it, I felt Lucy's eyes fixed on mine, and heard her murmur that I might be forgiven.

As the autumn drew on, and the summer heat was over, her spirit faded more rapidly away. I have never seen that it was grrier more than malady which she felt. The look of nameless suffering, which she wore on her face, has haunted me through life. Her dying sorrow. It was as if she were dying to have died for her, had caused. But her illness stayed me. In the intervals I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for

to walk in the Low Land, and to sit
amid of poetry and fire. When I came
later, who often weeping, and I knew that this
was the sister, who once would have given my life to
be freed from the four corners of some prison, and
in my knees beside her, in an agony of shame
and shame, and promise better things of the mor-
row strong efforts against the power and the
will were on his. But the marrow subjected me to
the unallowable fascination, the same faith-
ful Felix told me that I must come with him;
I must leave my home, and take part in his life;
I must be with him and longed for him, and I
took the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his
and he mine, and that I must fulfil the law
the stars had written in the sky. I fought
this with my father's anger, and my
illness. I prayed to him, and he said to me,
me, and knelt in the shadows of the
sunlight to ask from him forbearance.
not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many
days. At the conclusion of my need, I said to
the scar I wore round my neck. Until
had never even touched my hand with his

consented to leave my sister, who I well knew
I consented to leave my father, whose
life had been the result of my act;
and to bring a stain on our name, unstained
me, I consented to leave those who loved me—
ed—for a stranger.

I was prepared to brave the hurrying clouds, lead-
ing, and a growing wind, the fit companions in
with the evil and the despair of my soul.
as worse to-day; but though I felt going to
him, leaving her, I could not resist. Had his
the world must have gone. It was
the last day of October, and the midnight when I
leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping
he was dreaming in her sleep, and cried, and
my hand, and called aloud, "Lizzie, Lizzie!
the spell of the spell of the spell of the spell
still her dreaming voice called out, chuckling
us, "No there! no there, Lizzie, come back
to leave the house by the large, old, haunted
I have spoken of before; Felix waiting for
side. And, a little after twelve o'clock, I
the door to pass through. This time the chill,
damp, and darkness unnerved me. The

poising it, I mechanically raised my eyes, and remembered that it was Alldhallow's eve, the eve of the apparition of last year. As I sat in the room, which had been so deadlly still, I seemed to hear the sound of many voices of large wings, and the crowd of whispering looked like a river round me; and again, into my eyes, was the same face in the glass and on the wall, the same smiling smile even more radiant, the blighting stare, the fiery eyes, the red and the coal-black hair, and the look of fire. All were there; and all I had seen before; for, for it was Felix who was gazing at me, and when I turned round, he was there, as empty. Not a living creature was there; no laugh, and the far-off voices whispering, wings. And then a hand tapped on the window-pane, and Felix cried from the outside, "Lizzie, come!"

I gazed, rather than walked, to the window; and was close to it—my hand raised to open it—when I saw that it was a pale figure clothed in a pale robe, more than the linen round her hair hung down over her breast, and her eyes looked earnestly and mournfully into

He was silent, and yet it seemed as if a
love and of enstasy flowed from her lips;
heard the music of death's angelic strains
standing there in this bitter midnight cold,
life to save me. Felix called to me again,
tly; and, as he called, the figure turned, and
and, as he beckoned me gently, lovingly, beseech-
ingly, then slowly, then more slowly, he came
of the half-hour sounded; and I fled from the
my sister. I found her lying dead on the
her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand
and in my suppliant arms. I saw that the
next day Felix disappeared; he and his whole
and Green Howe fell into ruins again. No
where he went, as no one knew from whence
to this day I sometimes doubt wheth-
er not he was a clever, a cunning, a cruel
of his father's wealth; and he acted on
and of his imaginative character, had acted on
his own purposes. All that I do know is that
her's spirit saved me from ruin; and that she
made me. She had seen that I could and
myself for my salvation down to the last
and effort she made to rescue me. She died at
of half-past twelve, and at half-past twelve,

This is the reason why I never married, and on Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's I have told you to-night this story of mine, I feel that I shall not live over another last of October, but that before the next white as roses come out like winter stars on the shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the me rather hope with my blessed sister in !

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